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EAST WIND AND WEST.

A CHILL, gray mist — one shivering tree,
When never a green bud waketh;
Wild, rocky crags, where piteously
The heart of the great sea breaketh;
A flash of light, and into the night
The ill-omened petrel is flying,
For out of the cloud, to mast and to shroud,
I can hear the east wind sighing!

A warm, soft sky — a blossom-bowed tree,
A nest in its topmost branches;
And ledges of green, a flower-starred lea,
Bright sands, where the brave ship launches!
Far over the blue flies a happy sea-mew,—
The bows to the billows are drifting,
And hark! there's a sound of the glad "outward bound,"
As the west wind a white sail is lifting!

—*E. E. Brown.*

THOUGHT TRAVELS.

IT is a stormy day. The children, tired of more civilized amusement below stairs, have been on a raid to the garret, and have just come down laden with spoils. My study table holds one trophy, at least, from its dusty and cobwebbed stores, which the little revelers have left behind, in their butterfly search for pleasure. An old globe, the companion of my school-days, yellow and scarred by time, but more eloquent now than it could be in the days when it came to me an epitome of geographical survey.

Here, in the heart of every continent but Europe, are the great blank spaces which later researches have been so industriously filling up. My ancient friend, standing over against me in the glow of the firelight, has its watery hemisphere rolled unto my field of vision, as though, left to itself all these years, the north pole had tipped over with the world's weight of continents clustering against it; and were it not for the taper point of South America (which only reaches far enough over this side to throw Patagonia into the balance), and Australia, empress of islands, lying full in sight among her subjects, one might think that the sea had forgotten its bounds, and returned again to cover the earth. But our bold navigators, cruising among the icebergs, discovered, since this chart was made, some solid walls of rock about the south pole, showing that ages ago the Creator "stretched the line upon it" here also. In truth, we might write down names enough on the tracery of shore of which they tell us, to give it quite an explored look, if the eternal desolation reigning there was not better set forth as it is pictured here, a waste of water. Australia, too, once a bare outline, is yielding up the secrets of her domain, and the tide of civilization has swept as far inland in proportion to her area, as it has in continents much older in the world's history.

But these "unexplored regions" are dwindling fast. They are already too small for the fair, clear letters which label them here, and gave such stupendous license to the dreams of my childhood. What a world they made for themselves out of this waste material of old map-makers! Alas for the boys and girls of this age! Is there a quarter of this habitable earth where a respectable family of giants could hide without fear of interviewers? Could a tribe of fairies (who were large real-estate owners in my time) find refuge now on any island of the sea without being called upon to state their views on annexation, or make arrangements for ceding some one of its flowery corners for a coaling station? Even sleepy old Asia has taken to railroads and telegraphs; and the travelers who are overrunning Africa, have, by the latest advices, wiped out the last of my vast barbaric cities, and will soon have that wonder-land paralleled out and labeled as neatly as the great foursquare counties of our young States. Have not they plucked up the Mountains of the Moon by the roots, and pitched them about the sources of the Nile, with an utter disregard to that far more romantic arrangement of them I find on this old globe? One after another these men come back, each with his own assortment of African stories and scenery, and forever after, the world must look through their eyes, while the children (should any be found of that almost extinct phase of humanity) must hie them away to those few desolate acres around the poles, where, hemmed in by icebergs and curtained by night full half the year, Fancy may build her palaces and keep her festivals in peace.

Setting aside this as something the world as well as human hearts must outgrow, it is quite as curious to trace one's acquaintance with fact. The history of a child's gradual exploration of the world we live in, would be quite as entertaining as its dreams. Leaving out of sight the mere words which are sometimes dignified by the title of geography, we might sweep this old globe bare and make a new map for it, outlining the continents and their divisions, and tracing each mountain chain and river in the order they first appeared to us out of their original chaos.

In such a beginning there is for us all but a little spot of land large enough for mother and the cradle. Home soon enlarges the horizon of life; we creep to its borders and look over; field and wood, garden path and highway open out into new longings and delights. But the world is flat. It always is when looked at from cradles. The sky shuts down over it like a dome which one might touch by traveling far enough.

But the first earnest question takes us a huge stride forward. I think my world must have been round from a very early period of my life, for I remember so little of its early flatness, — that delightful time when childish philosophy takes such rest and comfort in its own decisions.

Where it gained its first dimly traced continents, is a fact that memory has let slip. Knowledge pours in upon the mind so much faster in those early days than when Faith, glad-hearted and open-eyed, has been pushed aside to make more room for the judgment-bar of Reason. The size, weight, color and use of the most ordinary objects are to be learned, and the little hand is never stretched out or the eyes opened without a new or intensified impression from the outer world. All the five senses are busy laying foundations; surveying a new country, and learning its habits and language with the energy and industry of few older explorers. I remember, however, when this old globe seemed first to swing out into space, as a planet wrapped in its seas and canopied with clouds. Then came its girdle of perpetual green at the equator, fading out into the dreary whiteness of the poles. Night after night, lying down to sleep after a sweet nursery prayer, making a hush for serious thoughts, a feeling of awe stole over me as I remembered how the great round world was heaving silently over, and bringing its hills up against the pleasant face of the sun, left him to shine on other countries far away.

A great river or two watered the earth at that day. The Amazon came first out of obscurity, and found its appointed channel across South America. It was a path for the Christopher Columbus of my childhood, a neighbor of ours who navigated the stream and opened up a vast field in which my childish imagination ran riot. South America had stood entirely empty up to that time; but afterward I may say it held a monopoly of the animal kingdom, and their size, variety and numbers may account in some measure for the sparseness of other population.

It was some time in those early years I found London on the other side of the sea. It came full grown into my field of vision in one evening's story. I remember it well! — our sailor-brother's welcome back to the old home, after his first voyage; the blazing fire, the family circle (unbroken then) which gathered about it to listen to our hero's tale. He had a portion for all. Docks, shipping, warehouses and a world-wide commerce for the ancient captain who came in to hear our sailor "spin his yarn." Mother was treated to Westminster Abbey, Hyde Park and a sight of the Queen, and father to a visit to the Parliament House. The Tower and the British Museum were served up to the boys in snatches, as they could get it between the dissertations of their elders, during which, and out of it all, the quiet child who sat so wide awake on brother Jack's knee, had time and ample materials to build the most marvelous city the world ever saw or ever will see. Miles upon miles of palaces and castles with "their cloud-capt towers" (which bore a striking family resemblance to the architecture of the Arabian Nights); ships whose masts raked the sky; vast churches awful in their grandeur and loneliness and full of graves, a fact based on Jack's vivid description of the "storied urns and animated busts" to be found therein. And leading to it all, a wonderful bridge where the lord mayor continually sat, all in his robes of state, watching the city. This last item comes of Whittington and his Cat, of whom I heard then for the first time; and he had to go into the picture in a very crude state, there being no time to question about the new hero in such a hubbub of talk.

But I find now, on looking back, that, with all its unreality, the London of that first dream stood longer than most of my early fancies. To be sure, it had no homes or common people for a long time, or much surrounding country. But the time came to take kings and warriors down from their pedestals, and look at them as men of like passions with ourselves. Then the world began to change for me. Ah, it is the multitudes who claim our compassion, as the years roll on and we see the horizon of Time widening out into Eternity!

My world is peopling fast. New landscapes, in endless vistas, open out into every land. Each season gives its yearly illustration to my senses, of life in countries I have never seen. The little robin on my maple, singing his glad notes of welcome to April blossoms of last year, led me away on an ornithological tour of observation, which will take me quite around the world before I get through. His family connections were large and widespread; and before I traced out his cousinship to one and another of varying plumage and title, I fell in with some interesting acquaintances hailing from Africa. A journey with Moffat took me to their home; and once there, Livingston and Baker beckoned me on, until weeks have flown by and find me still in the heart of that once mysterious continent. I have become as familiar with the gorillas and their immediate connections as I ever wish to be with that portion of our family; and with a vivid picture of the gnats, snakes and mosquitoes which have dispossessed the fairies of my childhood, I am thankful to gaze on the wonders of these once "unexplored regions," without leaving my study table and easy chair.

—*Grace Benedict.*

TROUBLESOME SERVANTS OF OLD.

THERE seems to prevail an idea, fostered by the many publications on the subject, that the "servant-girl of the period" is something out of the ordinary course of nature — that the ill-temper, the untidiness, the carelessness, the general disregard of the interests of the employer, which to-day keep their mistresses in a state of chronic vexation and discouragement, are something springing out of the habits of modern society, and unknown to the generations who have preceded us. Meanwhile, it is very possible that the servant-girl of to-day is really no worse than her predecessor of a century ago, and that the kitchen-tyrant of a century ago was no worse than her predecessor of a corresponding earlier period. Here and there a glimpse comes to us, in the old housekeeping books of the notable dames of England, strongly pointing in that direction; and in a work of another country and language, lately fallen under notice, we are advised that the state of war between the mistress and the maid at least preceded the invention of gunpowder, though not of that gunpowdery temper which always lies at the bottom of the worst difficulties.

We translate, in illustration, from a chronicle of life in Suabia, far back in what we designate as the "Middle Ages," a concise picture of the "help" of that period; given, of course, by an employer, and therefore requiring a grain of salt in the digesting; but so life-like, that the language might be used, with only slight exaggeration, of many a household of this day.

It is the wife of the seneschal of Fichtenbourg, in the Suabian Mountains, who sums up her past domestics in this forcible manner; and she does so, to a new-comer into her service, in recognition of the fact that she bears a somewhat hard name in the country as a severe employer and a scolding mistress.

"Sit there," she said to Rose; "I have two words to say to thee. Listen well.

"I know that they say of me that I conduct myself badly with my domestics; that I am very violent; and that in the space of five years I have changed servants twenty times. It is that which they repeat, all the country over. But they do not say one word of the faults which those servants have displayed. I am about to give thee a recital, for illustration.

"The first, Brigitte — but I will not give thee more of their names, because I do not wish to make for them any worse reputation than is necessary — only to place their faults before thine eyes. Brigitte, who, I think, excited my anger the most violently of all, was haughty and self-willed, would know everything better than myself, and was never wrong. One day she cooked me an omelette to the point of reducing it to charcoal; and meanwhile such was her impudence and obstinacy, that she maintained to